

アンデッドは

暖を求む



UNDEAD SEEKS WARMTH

**- Volume 5 -
SOUL SEPARATION**

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[Translated by: Rebirth Online World]

CHAPTER 1

On a sunny afternoon, where no cloud can be seen.

On the empty patch of land inside the forest, I was surrounded by monsters.

While groaning, the monsters which have beastly appearance slowly approach closer to me.

Their numbers are 5. Their power is mediocre, it was a bunch level-3s.

Is perhaps we meet by chance in the middle of their hunt, or perhaps this place was their territory to begin with.

Though I don't have any means to ascertain that, for now I know that they're hostile towards me.

While observing the monsters, which seems to about to plunge up any time, I thought.

Thank god.

The time when I met these guys, is when I regain my sanity, I felt grateful

I felt relief from the depth of my heart.

Slowly, I stretched my left hand to the front.

crack crack crack the air started to freeze, as if coming out from the thin air.

The magic sword which have a distorted shape, 'lost fang', I wielded it.

At that moment, the monsters jumped at me all at once.

As I thought they were monster who hunt in a group, they have quite good coordination.

An attack that came from all direction at the same time. Even if one of them got done for, the other monsters will gnaw on their prey's throat.

For a mere monster, they have good craftiness. While I was impressed by them, profess finally activated, sending the information about these monsters into my head.

Army Wolf. I see, what a fitting name for them.

The coordinated strength of this army wolves, is something that worth a praise.

However, They're slow

The movement of each and every one of them is hopelessly slow.

To the extent that I totally didn't need to bother about it.

I'll stop you guys

First of all, I slashed the army wolf that was the closest to me with lost fang.

The weird sensation of slashing something using the mass of water, was transmitted through the hilt.

Doing that 5 times, repeating it in an instant.

The thin ice sword that went through their body, only slicing away their magical power.

Then, the wolves who got their magical power absorbed, fainted due to the sudden decrease of magical power.

bam bam, they fell down one after another onto the ground.

There's no of wounds on their body, if several hours have passed then their magical power will have restored, then they will surely awaken again.

This is, the cursed sword that is the embodiment of my agenda.

The strength that I, who has already lost its fang, possessed.



I came to this world.

In other words, the time when I became an undead, I wonder how much time already passed by since then.

That day, since the day I left nee-san's side.

For me who have already stopped keeping track of time, wouldn't be able to know the answer for that question.

The watch that I received from her, my clothes too.

Everything and anything, I had already left it inside that castle.

What I am wearing now are the already worn-out student clothes in which I have woken up in this world.

For the me who has been born and raised in a different world, and after losing my entire family, these clothes were no longer a proof I would care about.

I don't think I want to go back home now, I don't even think I would be able to return.

After all, I am not a human anymore.

That's right.

Even at the first time I wished to ?returned to back alive, I never thought of wanting to?return being a human ?.

The existences that I thought as precious in this world, both Nee-san and Misha, were monsters after all.

From the first thing, anything is fine.

Whether I am a human, or a monster.

As long I am able to get back the warmth, being either of them is fine.?

Suddenly, I looked at my right arm.

It was blown off by nee-san, as recently it was finally regenerated.

..... No. Regenerating, for this arm is quite wrong expression.

Why? it's because my right arm, has changed into something that is totally different from what it was before.

From the tip of the shoulder until the tip of the nail, it was filled with the colour of red.

Compared to when I was an undead angel, it was longer and sharp, the nails are like knives.

It completely changed into something grotesque, which is completely suitable for me who is also grotesque.

On the top that it had a magical power several times higher than of that in my left arm, the fact that I can't completely control its power made me to never use it, it was an arm that became the form of the curse of nee-san.

Also, not only that.

The red arm, as if it was slowly devouring me, its area started to spread.

My silver hair was also tainted with red in certain parts.

My deep blue pair of eyes, the right one changed to red.

The ice wings that didn't had any colour, was now slightly mixed with red

Just like that, slowly, but at a speed that can be seen by the naked eyes.

The curse was eating into me.

While searching for a way to undo this curse, ever since I left that person's side, I have run out of the country.

I even have done something dangerous as sneaking out into human's village library at night, thinking that perhaps I can find something with profess, also using magic for 3 days 3 night non-stop.

However, the result was nothing.

The curse ----- ?family-fixation?, the ways for me to lift that from me, was none.

My ego will be crumbled in the span of time less than half a year, and I will surely become a doll that will do whatever nee-san said.

The only thing that the present me can do, was to just continue doing meaningless resistance like this.



This is a punishment.

The unbearable pain that coil around my body, the cold that could felt like I was in the middle of blizzard.

Making that person cry, on the top of that, for me who turned my back against her.

Due to my own weakness Misha is dead, it was a punishment for me.

While thinking of something like that, I should have realized, the me who never gives up even right now, kept on struggling.

..... really, it wouldn't stop me now.

CHAPTER 2

Ever since the 『Red Arm』 became my right hand, my time had become really short.

The breaking down of my ego.

The mind pollution even changed my body, I've changed into something weird.

The me right now, is not an ice angel anymore.

『Undead Nosferatu』 . An undead race combined with the angel race's element, furthermore, added with vampire's information, the result is some existence that has lost its own form to be identify as a "race".

As it could be said to be like some kind of failed synthesis monster, a "monster" that cannot be classified.

A body that was tainted with the colour of blood, my attribute that that changed into 'uncertain '.

Even the rank cannot be determined, I can't also measure the magical power inside my body that kept on increasing and decreasing.

Most of all, every day of mine who had already become 'unstable', I spent more than half of it fighting with Nee'san's magical power that was trying to devour mine, we were mutually crushing each other.

The whispers of obeying her and returning to her side.

Eating away at all of my body, strong pain that felt like will melt my body.

Just enduring it is already a very hard task.

Additionally, the magical power that came from nee-san, day by day devouring me and become stronger.

This encroachment that only happened for few minutes at most during the first time, its power became stronger as the time went on.

And now, whenever I try to suppress it down, I almost cannot do it.

The noise in my head that never cease.

My sense started to get out of order, the desire that started to fade away.

While recovering memory, then I realize that even the memories of when I came to this place has started to faded away, I am honestly about to go mad.

My worn-out mind slowly got more exhausted, this curse even tried to snatch away my spirit to resist.

At that moment, it's already half way, my body as well as my mind, being devoured by nee-san.

Sometimes I thought that everything will become meaningless.

Even my persistence in my heart shaken, the urge of killing others.

All of that being painted over, changing over with a thought of returning to nee-san's side.

I don't care if it was just unjustified resentment to nee-san, but, if I just resented nee-san.

If I seriously loathe her, if I just detested her, perhaps I will be able to resist her even now.

However, I love her.

I separated from her, devoured by her curse.

The suffering, certainly my resentment to nee-san became stronger.

But at the same time, my love for her, this feeling yearning for her became stronger than that.

I want to meet her, I really wanted to meet her, I want to meet nee-san.

Whatever this feeling is, it is something that is caused by the curse, or honestly, I don't know.

But honestly, it doesn't matter. No matter what the origin is, as long as I still love her, I can't completely hate her.

Because it's all that matters.



Beauty, sadness, anger, sadness, joy, scared, and everything other than that.

Crouching on the ground, suppressing all of the emotion that swirl inside me.

My body didn't want to move, the one that can only move was my mind.

However, it hurts, it's painful, it felt like I was about to be broken apart.

Bear with it, bear with it, bear with it bear with it bear with it bear with it.

If I yield, then I will lose myself.

For an undead like me, that was the only thing that can be called as "death"

There's no other fear for me other than losing myself.

Even when I avoided all the attacks that tried to kill me, is just because I felt like if those attacks were hit somewhere unknown inside of me might change.

And so, I cannot let myself give in to the curse.

No matter how hard it was.

Even when I felt the crooked, strongest pure 『Love』 inside the magical power that have chewed into me.

For me who was scared of being broken, I bore it and only rejected it.

Recently, I have given thought about it.

What fate awaits for something irregularly like me.

Surely it wouldn't be something good.

I'm sure, that I won't be able to meet my end with peace.

In that case I am okay with that. For something like myself to get a happy end, it was already decided from long time to be worthless.

However, furthermore.

I want to fulfil this desire of mine.

No, I have to make it come true.

The reason for Misha's death was my fault.

It's because I was weak, it was because I couldn't kill therefore she died.

That's why I will grant my wish.

For the sake, reviving myself and that kid.

Then, if I was resented by Misha who returned from the death, or get killed by her, I am fine with it.

My selfish wish for living even if it cost my life, the only one who have the right to judge myself as a walking corpse is me.

I'm sure, it was only her who died because of me.



The pain had lessened.

The emotion that run amok, had also subsided.

..... Today, I was also somewhat able to bear with it.

For me to continue suppressing the encroachment like this, quite some time had passed.

I understand, that there's not much time left.

Though proffes said that it will take about 1 year before the encroachment will complete.

I'm sure it was faster than that. this curse and me, have too much affinity with each other.

However as for now, I wasn't able to find even a slightest clue for lifting this curse.

The current condition despair.

..... hmm?

..... Aaah, no.

Let's take back what I said. Of course, the fact that I am still in pinch still didn't change.

The word from before was a mistake. there's another one who have the right to befall judgement onto myself.

But to think that it was still alive, heh.

And for us to meet again.

Aah, it was out of my expectation.

If God really exist, what does God really want to do to me, I wonder?

- Do you, fate God, do you believe in it? - Takahina

- No. I believed in it, but right now I have already forgotten about it. - ????

Directed by a gentle smile that surprise me, that girl answered me as such.

..... I, up until this point never believed in such a thing.

But at this moment, I slightly thought that maybe that thing really does exist.

After all, while I was struggling with the sin that I committed, I come across with my sin itself.

If this was not fate, then what is.

You also agree, right ----

----- Sister - ?

CHAPTER 3

My vision which is clouded with crimson, a girl stood in front of me.

Blonde hair that was evenly cut until her back.... different from nee-san's which was platinum blonde with slightly wavy hair, it was a straight long honey blonde.

I can see slight torn on her cuff, with her black nun outfit without a hood.

The cross that hanged around her neck, unlike the one when the first time I saw it, it was clearly purposely broken by her into two.

In this kind of place, a girl who wore an outfit unbecoming in this forest where a lot of monsters roaming about.

That girl who was once was the priestess of? True Angel religion?'s believers in other words the heresy that I let die without giving them any help, with that amethyst like eyes, fixated her gaze on me.

-....It's been a long time right, tenshi-sama (angel-sama). I've been searching for you -

After a gentle bow, sister had a smile on her face.

It was a gentle smile, filled with love.

.... Why?

For me who abandoned all of you, why did you give me such an expression?

Perhaps this girl didn't know about it.

That I, to you guys ---

- Ah I'll say this first okay -

Whether she knew or not about such a doubt of mine.

The sister clasped both of her hands in front of her chest, the smile that was on her face became wider.

- I resent you, I really resent you -

One can't feel any aura of resentment coming from her.

And because of that, I can feel her anger and grudge as if it was in my own hands, with that tone.

She declared.

For me who is already hard to just stand up due to resisting the encroachment, I incline towards the tree near me and sit down on the ground, then raised my chin slightly.

As expected. Well, that was reasonable.

After all it was obvious for her to have a grudge against me, you don't needed to explain that twice to me.

Thought it was nee-san who killed all of her friends, but I was there, and perhaps I could have tried something for stopping her.

But I didn't do anything.

And if she didn't hold any grudge toward me for that, then that was not out of kindness or something as such.

It was just that she was broken.

- Then, what will you do? Kill me? -

Of course, I still haven't fully broken.

If I want to escape Perhaps it's possible.

if I take out my ice wing and fly away, for her which is just a human, she has no way of following me.

However, she, this girl has plenty of reasons to kill me.

I snatched away her friends from her.

I personally lied to them, I deceived them.

How far does she resent me, it was not hard to imagine it.

After all, it's to the extent for her to search for me in this kind of place.

- Nevertheless, your appearance, it changed quite a lot, no? -

Without answering my question, the sister said so.

I thought it was abrupt in some meaning, it was obvious.

After all, the me that she knew, and the me right now have a really wide difference after all.

- If it was you from before, you look like a crystal of ice which was our saviour

But no if I had to make a comparison, it was like a broken stained glass -

..... ?

wha , at ?

The emotion that I felt from sister who was snickering, I don't understand.

It was not hatred. It was something else, even deeper than that.

That emotion which I felt some deja vu, the surge inside her chest.

- Aah, beautiful.

I also love your previous appearance which was a dreamlike beauty, but I more love this you which was somehow degenerated.

To that extent , I want to kill you immediately -

I don't understand, what it is?

This unclear feeling that I felt from her.

Though I felt uneasy because of it, I didn't feel any objections towards it.

As if it was contradicting something, conflicting something.

In fact, it was something that resembled closely with something in my mind, coming from her.

Slowly step by step, the sister shortened her distance between us.

Her face was smiling like always.

Endless of hatred, and then there was one other emotion.

It's as if I was looking at a mirror, this déjà vu is kh !

- I always yearned for this.

The time when we can meet again -

Is that, so

I understand,.... I understand it, that's right.

It was a mirror, just like a mirror.

No wonder I felt a déjà vu.

After all.

She, and me.

- then, please die.

and then, become mine and only mine -

is, same ----

stab

Before I know, in the hand of the sister who walked until the front of me, the thing that she was holding for who knows when.

It was something that was unbecoming for a girl's hand, a big handheld knife.

She stabbed, through my heart.

CHAPTER 4

...

Ah.

I was surprised, this was too sudden.

Although I have been spacing out for a moment, I never thought that this woman would suddenly stab me like that.

Last time I met her I noticed she was heretic, but also seemed like a proper sister.

She seemed like she wouldn't even harm a bug, now though it seems like I'm wrong.

...or maybe she changed to this because of me.

Perphase that's it.

I was ready to accept all my sins.

However... It seems I was still quite naive after realizing it.

Just like nee-san she slowly broke me apart.

i also... broke her.

Sister was too obsessed with her own feelings.

Her hatred to me, her love to me.

yes, just like me.

She said.

I will become hers.

I was torn because I hate nee-san, and because I love her I left her.

She was torn because of her love to me, so because she hated me she hunted me down.

From the knife piercing through my body I felt those emotions stronger and stronger,

How much she resents me.

How much she loves me.

How I, even though I only met her for 3 days, already engraved a wound into her heart.

Sister embraced me and pushed her knife deeper into my body.

With her power, unlike her tender body and petite arm, she hollowed my heart.

There's no pain.

But, the feeling of hard metal going through my heart, both visually and touching, wasn't comfortable.

But there's something more pressing.

Even though she tries to kill me I won't turn dead.

I am an Undead. And then among them, I am the furthest being from the concept of death.

I'm an undefined Undead after all.

If she wants to kill me then she must separate my neck from my body.

Again, again and again.

The knife stabbed into me.

But no matter how many times she stabbed my chest, i won't die.

I won't die.

No, I can't die at all.

Not with this body which already experienced death once.

Right now the only thing she does is breaking my body apart.

To kill and destroy.

What the differences between those two things are, I don't really know.

However. However.

As long they have a slight difference.

They must have a definite wall between them.

As long as I don't understand it, I won't become alive once again.

While I heard the sound of the knife going through my meat eternally.

In a daze, I wondered.

I wonder how many times she already thrust that knife into me.

To me who didn't showing any sign of dying no matter how long she wait, sister inclined her head looking at me with moist eyes.

But no matter how long she waited, I showed no sign of dying. Sister inclined her head, looking at me with moist eyes.

“...Why won't you die?”

She said with a fawning tone.

Since my heart didn't beat anymore there is also no blood circulation.

Because of this the wound didn't drop blood, but the blood still stuck onto the knife.

She licked the knife.

She had asked me that question as her face started to turn red, like after drinking wine.

“It's because I'm already dead long ago.”

I answered, giggling.

I am already dead. That's true.

I was dead long ago.

However, without knowing when to give up, I clung to 'live', and thought of reviving myself.

Aah, I'm

such a

ridiculous being.

Don't want to die, don't want to die, I don't want to die.

I don't want to remain death.

Forever with such a feeling.

even though I am already dead, i can still move.

“Then , what are.”

Answering my casual response my sister once again thrust the knife into my chest.

After thrusting 3 times, she asked again.

“Then what are you really?”

...

What I am?

Surely not just a normal undead.

If i was just a normal undead then i wouldn't stand around here like this.

Who am I? What am I?

me, who every bit of my being is unclear vague random and trivial, what is it.

I, whose being only consists of unclear, vague, random and trivial things. What was it?

Himuro Takahina. that was my name.

But that's no more than my name from my previous live.

Though I am not alive right now.

Right now I'm not a living being, is it alright to consider myself as the same being as when I was still alive?

I don't understand.

I don't even understand the things I should understand.

Sister placed her knife on my neck.

Did she want to behead my neck?

If she does that, no matter what, I will die I will be destroyed.

I have to stop her.

...Why ?

Isn't it alright? Isn't it already enough?

I am already tired, I'm tiring myself.

I actually already realized it.

even though I shouted I want to live, I want to revive, I don't want to die.

In fact the emotion, the thought, is slowly fading away.

Any more than this and I'm only struggling.

painful, unpleasant, memories will only pile up.

Wasn't it alright to just let it go and be at ease, just like this?

everything is already not important anymore.

everything, is.

everything

She quickly brandished the knife on my neck.

And at that moment my consciousness came to an end.

CHAPTER 5

..... Where, is this place?

Am I broken?

Inside this world, where nothing existed except for darkness.

I, while rotating around, was there.

This place that's right.

Deep within my consciousness. The other side of my memory.

The deepest part of where the consciousness of Himuro Takahina existed as Himuro Takahina was created.

The place, where I have already visited several times before.

However, it's strange.

There seems something that's different from before.

While I didn't really know, what was different from last time.

I'm sure, there's something wrong.

..... It's wavering?

That's right, this place is wavering.

This 'world' which was the same as the bottom of a deep lake, where not even a spec of light can pierce through it.

It's wavering, shaking, become unstable.

So, this is it.

I am already broken.

The only way to destroy an undead which is 『Destroying the head』 was used on me, and I was broken.

Then this world that existed deep inside me, also seems to have started to disappear too.

Aah.

Fragile.

How fragile.

After all, the thing that was called undead is just something like this, if you pluck their head off then it should die.

Before it was broken, I always thought that my body was quite sturdy, but the way it broke like that was too quick.

Has my body's toughness been only comparable to all those beings that grow fur, after all?

.....

Well whatever.

It's already unimportant.

To tell the truth, I already tired.

To the 'life', that no matter how far I searched, I can't even see the shadow of it.

To this body, which have nothing except of its coldness.

And then, towards this weak me who cannot take away someone else's life.

Recently, there's something that passed through my mind.

It's an "if" story, what will happen when I am finally able to live again.

What will I do after that.

For a living being, food is necessary.

And then, a living being's food is sometimes other living beings.

For the sake to continue on with my life, I need to eat meat or rather, other living being's life.

For me, that was impossible.

Eating other's existence, in other words steal it, I couldn't do it.

If I didn't do that, I cannot continue to live.

I am, didn't even being able to fulfil the lowest condition for a living being.

Can someone like me come back to live?

How could I, all this time, saying such things with my mouth.

Misha is always desperate.

She's desperate to keep on living.

For the sake of living she ate, for the sake of living she fight, for the sake of living she slept, for the sake of living she lived.

Me, becoming the same existence as her, the desperate her that looks so beautiful?

Don't joke with me.

Me, the me right now, didn't have such privilege.

Then, if that's the case.

It's better to just give up on everything, then I closed my eyes.

Perhaps, being broken at this place, is way much better.

If that happened, I'll be at ease. I'm sure.

Though until the end, I kept on feeling this coldness, everything wouldn't go as I wish it to happen.

That's right. Let's give up.

Give up everything, and then become something broken.

All this curse, all this coldness, be broken and let's forget about it.

Everything and anything already doesn't matter.

Misha, too.

--- her appearance which is full of wound, her figure which lying at my feet came into my vision.

Mayu, too.

----- her chest got stabbed with knife, I recalled that figure of her becoming colder and colder on top of my hands.

Sister, too.

---- the spectacle when all of the heresy massacred by nee-san, still clearly cling in my mind.

..... Nee-san, too

---- her figure which sobbing like a child, keep echoing inside my mind.

Live!

Live, for your friend's share too!

Live, for the dead me!

Live, live the share of everyone who already dead before you!

The one who live, cannot die until they die you know!!

Suddenly, I remembered.

In the past, well even if I said it was in the past it's actually just happened not long ago.

That word which I threw at a girl that I helped.

..... That's, right.

Certainly, I am already death.

However that's only limited to the body.

My mind, is still not dead yet.

Mayu is dead, both of my parents are dead.

That word, that I always kept saying to myself since then.

I wouldn't do a thing that broke that word for the second time.

above all, I now understand

I am.

In this world, still have too much regret.

Such thoughts about what will I do after being revived, right now that's not important.

All of the pain, the harshness, the coldness, the suffering, everything, I just need to endure it.

It's not whether I could do it or not, I will do it.

I wouldn't bother with what other people said, I will do it.

It doesn't matter if it's just my egoism, I will do it.

After all, if I didn't do that If I didn't have a mindset like this, the next moment, I will break after all.

That's why, I will do it.

So that once again, I can stand up.

So that, I will not fall down again.

I will not steal anything, will not kill everything, but I will get the results that I wanted.

For the sake granting that mad wish of mine.

I will do it.

Once again, when I was about to open my eyes.

I realized something other than me in this 'world', an existence other than myself which shouldn't be here was right there.

CHAPTER 6

..... Haaah

Separated from the highway, little bit further into the forest.

Over there, was a bizarre spectacle to see.

Nnh *

Over there, leaning against the tree, a corpse without a neck wearing some tattered cloth.

With several deep wounds on its chest, weirdly didn't have any blood spilled from it.

It's only a slight taint of red over that severed neck and around those holes on its chest.

- Ahhn, hmm Nnnh -

Then.

Right beside the corpse.

There was girl at the vague age where she can be called as a girl or called as a woman, sitting on the ground.

Without even minding another thing on her surrounding, she just sat there.

Holding the head of the corpse with both of her hand, she repeatedly kissed the head.

- Nnnh Nnkh -

While making wet *pcha pcha* sound, that woman who wore a monk's clothes, indulge herself onto the corpse's lips.

Her expression was melting, as if she was dreaming.

that frail shoulder of hers kept shuddering in joy.

She, threw all of the lust that dwelled inside of her body, onto that beautiful boy which the only remains of him was his head.

Ursula - Pendragon.

Inside a city that is neither big or small, that was the name of the girl that born as the daughter of the leader of that city.

Ursula's childhood, was that of a typical noble daughter.

Every of her wishes were granted, everything goes just as she wanted too.

.... However, that was all due to her father's wrongdoing of desiring for more wealth, spreading a heavy tax into its townspeople.

And then There was this word that even a little kid will know about it.

An evil, will not last long.

the townspeople that wasn't able to bear with her father's doing anymore came together, and raised a revolt.

The father of the little girl which was so young that she didn't understand what her father wrong was, got killed, and then Ursula, the daughter of the chief got arrested.

By all rights, her living rights as she is the daughter of the root of the evil, was none.

However, Ursula is still alive, she stayed alive.

Those memories of her childhood, by now she almost doesn't remember any of t.

But then, she didn't have any slight intention to recall those memories that is already dyed black.

It was something that she must not recall, at least she knew that much.

That was 6 years ago --- When she reached the age of 13.

Since then, the god and people, she stopped believing in all of those.

Ursula didn't believe in an existence called god.

After all, no matter how many times she prayed, God didn't come to save her.

Ursula doesn't trust any another human.

Her father which she trusted was an evil, and so is herself.

Not believing in god, not believing other humans.

However, Ursula doesn't possess any power that made her able to stand up by herself.

In the end, she relied on the angel.

Beautiful and full of compassion, an existence that held out its hand to save the weakest being.

To that believe of the 『Angelic Religion』 that interpret angels as they own wishes, she relies on.

Everyone at that place, was someone who was like her, the people that was casted away by both god and people.

For her who finally found a place where she belonged, every day she devoted herself to praying.

And then she met it.

With his wing made out of ice, to that angel which have a beauty even tried to put it into a word will be too presumptuous.

It was love at the first sight.

That's right, that was love at the first sight.

To the being that she worshipped, to him which she should put her faith into, she harboured a feeling of love.

However, she was betrayed.

That angel was an existence that eats human, he was just the underling of a vampire after all.

In the end, even the one that she clung onto turn its back against her, all of her companions which prayed together with her got killed.

The emotion that Ursula held, was the anger and hatred because of her friend that got killed ----- not that.

Anger, she indeed harboured such feeling.

But that was the anger, hatred because of her didn't get chosen.

It was a sadness, that she didn't get chosen by the one she loved.

It really didn't matter. Even thought she said that they were her comrades or maybe her friends, deep inside of her heart it doesn't really matter.

Well, certainly compared to other humans, it was slightly sadder for her.

But it just like, when her precious gem broken, or maybe when she saw a flower withered, no more than that.

That her cannot stayed beside the one she loved, it was even sadder and bitter for her.

While still projecting her red tongue out, Ursula slightly separate Takahina's head from hers.

shcli~k the saliva made a string, *snap* got teared.

Perhaps that was sad for her, her eyes started to tear up, then once again she devoured Takahina's lips.

Right now, Ursula is happy.

The one she loved from the depth of her heart, like this, she can embrace him in her chest(heart).

He will say nothing. see nothing.

That's why he will not denied her. will not refuse her. will not betray her.

That was fine. this was happiness.

It was not a lie. Real happiness, thus she was satisfied.

Even if the one she loved became a shell that said nothing, she really didn't mind about it.

As if desiring all of his beauty, Ursula continued to meet her mouth with Takahina's

Right now, there's already nothing that she sees in her eyes, except of him.

..... Therefore.

Behind her, just right behind her.

Takahina's body which had its head already severed.

Standing up with a firm footing, she didn't realize any of it.

CHAPTER 7

The first thing that I saw right after I opened my eyes what I saw was long golden eyelashes.

After I racked my brain for a moment, I realized that there's something warm creeping inside my mouth.

As I by reflex tried to swipe it, but I can't move my arms.

No, that's wrong.

It's not like I can't move it, but they are not there.

From my neck below, there's nothing there

I remembered while I was surpassing my confused mind, then right before I lost consciousness, my head got severed.

That's right. my neck should already have been severed from my body.

..... Is this it.

I am already.

becoming an existence that wouldn't be broken even if my neck was separated from my body.

But well, right now that thing is not important.

Just before I opened my eyes, the thing that I saw in that 'world'.

If I have already regained my consciousness, it meant that thing also regained its consciousness.

Quickly, I have to do something quickly.

My body Where's my body.

..... Before that, I have to do something about this situation.

Perhaps the sister didn't realize that I have already conscious, she kept wholeheartedly indulge in her lust while closing her eyes.

Almost all of my vision got covered by her face, well this is can't be helped.

For now, so that she realized that her opponent has already woken up, I brush aside her tongue with mine.

As expected it seems that it was completely an unexpected thing, for a moment her shoulders trembled with shock

Slowly, the sister opened her eyes.

Inside her amethyst eyes that got clouded with zeal, my face reflected in it.

I thought that she will drop me out of surprise, but on the contrary, she hugged me tightly in her chest.

While the saliva was still drooling down from her mouth, she inclined her head

confusedly

- Eh What, so you still alive huh? -

After muttering that, in her hand was the knife from before.

She raised it above her head, without any hesitation, she slashed down the knife pointing at my neck

chomp!

I don't want my face to be full of holes.

So, while somehow matching the timing, I caught the knife with my teeth.

Though she was able to barely mercilessly push it into my mouth, I am, while weaken is still a monster.

My jaw power is stronger than a shark.

I wasn't able to push it even more or even take it out, in the end that thick knife, make a high pitched sound then it broke

- A~h -

The sister made a dejected voice.

With that I thought that she calmed down a little bit.

But the next moment, she vigorously slammed me into the ground.

There was no pain, but my vision got blurred due to the shock

..... This not good, I will get crushed,

With she was still smiling, she started stomping her raised foot.

If I got my head crushed, I wouldn't have any self confidence that I will remain safe.

Even if I tried to evade, with just my head I cannot move around

There's nothing that can be done.

But something crossed my mind.

Her boots with hard heels attached to it was approaching my head with a force to trample me down.

Then, at that moment when that heels was about to hit my face that lied sideways.

-KYaaa ! ? -

Along with shout of surprise, the sister lost her balance and then fell down.

.... What was that?

It was just right at my blind spot, I don't know what just happened.

But that question, immediately became clear.

Kneeling on the ground, that thing that picked up myself my head.

Wearing a tattered school uniform on its body, it was my own body.

Why, why did it move?

Without minding myself which held such very appropriate question at this situation, my body held me up with both of my hands, then slowly put it back on my neck.

Immediately, the area around my neck froze.

A few seconds later, the ice fell to piece, the neck that was once separated turned back as if nothing was ever happened.

What a convenient thing.

- ThenWhat are you trying to say? – The sister

Perhaps she got thrust away quite strongly, the sister who stood up staggering, she muttered such words that was mixed together with her emotion.

With her reddened cheeks, and while she breathed out hot sigh that seems able to make a scald.

- No matter how many times I will keep kill you, okay? - The sis

She extended her white finger, and her red tongue crawl around her lips.

With staggering step, the sister walked closer to me.

- If you run I'll chase you, you know? If you reject me I'll hold you down, you know? if you hate me I'll restrain you, you know? -

Her figure, in madness sense was beautiful.

I felt, that it was something similar with nee-san.

----- But then, at that moment.

At this worst moment.

The [darkness] inside myself.

Raised its voice of birth.

CHAPTER 8

With muddy feeling, I felt like my right hand is melting.

My right eye, right foot, the half of my body.

Leaving this muddy feeling, without leaving behind even any bones, melting away.

The sister opened her eyes wide, looking like she couldn't utter any word seeing my condition.

Of course.

The half of my body is melting, and became something like liquid.

Looking at it is flowing and dripping to the ground, one cannot feel anything except dread from it.

Those part of my body, as if having their own thoughts, started to combine into one.

Wriggling, those red mud.

There's no pain like that time when I got eaten by nee-san's magical power.

But because of that, I felt horror at this phenomenon.

What you called pain, is a signal that body sent to give alert about danger.

But I can't feel that alert.

It's as if my own body, accepting these mud like things melted from my body.

..... It felt, bad.

Finally, after my parts of my body melted away to about 60%, it stopped.

Those red blood moving, then creating a puddle of blood.

I concentrated my consciousness, then froze the part that has been lost.

High pitched voice of the air got frozen, when that ice broke, my body slowly regenerated.

After repeating that about 10 times, my body turned back to how it was.

Confirming the movement of my cold fingers, I stood up without having too much problem.

Then I put my hand in front of me, then I took out lost fang.

It was used for fighting There was the reason, but there's another one.

That mirror like thin blade of ice, I used it to reflect my own appearance.

..... As I thought.

It turned back.

The hair that was dyed with tinge of red and silver.

my right eye was tainted with red, to deep indigo blue.

That right hand that was once have the colour of deep red, turned back to white hand that looked like there's no blood flowing within it.

I activate Proffes, and reveal my own status.

Race Name: Undead Ice Angel

Species: Undead - Angel kind

Attribute: Ice

Rank: 4

Possession: Ice sword lost fang

Individual Name: Himuro Takahina

Present magical power / magical power containment limit: 5712 / 9599

My race also returned to what it was before.

But the fact that my amount of mana is quite increased, must be because it absorbed quite bit from nee-san's chains.

Actually, nee-san that person, wasn't quite capable at using her magic.

Using her inhuman power to fight in close range, was nee-san actual fighting style.

Thus, her magic was only for extras or perhaps using random spell that only needed her to infuse it with magical power.

That's why, even though it took quite some time, I am able to cut nee-san's chains.

But because absorbing its magical power, the encroachment became faster is kinda ironic.

And now, I have already freed from that encroachment.

Right now, I supposedly will wholeheartedly celebrate this moment, but unfortunately fate didn't let me do so easily.

It decreased.

Certainly, compared to when I was at nee-san's place, this amount already reached an amount that can't be compared to that time, but it was not enough

While it wasn't stable, my magical power was way more than this.

Yeah. It was stolen.

At the time when it melted my body, it ate my magical power and stole it.

..... Not good. This is extremely bad.

I didn't have any slightest willingness to give away my magical power.

I point the tip of lost fang to the ground.

And faced it to the pool of blood that was made from my melted body.

The red mud that wriggled.

And before long, it moved restlessly.

splat splat, it started to build up a shape.

Red limbs.

Uniting with its hands and legs, ten fingers all together with its strong sharp nail.

It's hair redder than its skin.

it's eyes redder than its hair.

it's butler suit that was weaved with red string of blood, was something that I really well unknown.

With one exception of that bat wing that sticking out from its back.

As if I was looking at a mirror.

Myself, was standing right there.

Looking at that spectacle, once again the sister opened her eyes' wide.

The two of me that suddenly appeared. It will be weirder if one wasn't surprised about it.

The red me spread his wings, then with elegance movement he bowed.

- How do you do, Himuro Takahina.

My name is 'HIMURO. 'HIMURO TAKAHINA'

Thought it will be for a short time, well, best regard -

In his hand, without me realizing, grasping a sword.

With its crooked shape, red sword.

At a glance, I thought that it was Lost Fang but it's not

Wrong. Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong.

That is that thing is.

- Now, let's fight.

Now that I already out, there's no other option than the both of us to fight.

And then the one who wins, will become 'Himuro' -

'TAKAHINA' loudly declared.

Pointing the point of that ominous sword to me, looking as if it could even warp the atmosphere around it.

Race Name: Fallen Dhampir

Species: Undead - Angel kind.

Attribute: Dark

Rank: 6

Possession: Blood Sword Erzalord.

Individual name: HIMURO TAKAHINA

Present Magical Power / Magical Power Containment Limit: 14323 / 22319

That magic sword's name is, 『Blood Sword Erzalord』

The strongest magic sword in this world.

..... Nee-san's magic sword.

CHAPTER 9

.....

To be honest, the old me was someone who was still inside the area of an amateur when it comes to 『Fighting』

Well, I am still your normal everyday high schooler, I did experience one or two fist fights.

I have quite high physical ability, and it was even higher than your average run in the mill delinquent.

However, that was against fellow humans, the same as me that are born in a peaceful country with their peaceful people of japan.

Thus, I don't have enough skills for this world where battle is about life or death that can't be avoided when facing monsters.

Even though I said that.

It's already been 1 year since the first time I came to this world.

At that time, my count of battles that I have fought could easily be over thousands, I also been through the verge of death several times.

Even mostly my skills are just surprise attacks from behind, my skill have already risen enough that it can't be compared to my previous life.

The me right now, I can surely take on even a skilled adventurer on direct battle.

However.

My enemy is also the same as me.

The other me that was separated from myself.

Memories, skills, and experience.

All of that is like two peas in a pod.

But then, there's one thing that's overwhelmingly different between us.

First was the ability of our body.

I am a rank 4 undead ice angel.

He is rank 6 Fallen Dhampir.

Probably that TAKAHINA's strength, can be compared with Hannibal (corpse eating dragon) or higher than that.

I said that I am already on the different level with the previous me, but I still didn't have any confidence to take on that thing alone.

Thus, in this occasion, I don't have a slight hope of winning.

More than that the difference in our possessions are our weapons.

My sword is Ice sword lost fang.

It can't cut or hurt anyone, a 『Magic eater』 sword that only ate magical power.

Thus, it will become useless if the enemy possessed no magical power, and among other magic swords it was a sword that can be said to be unique.

On the contrary, what he held is a magic sword which called 『blood sword erzalord』 .

just like its name implied, it was the possession of the Vampire Lord, Varmouth = Erzalord nee-san's possession.

The strongest magic sword that only she the strongest is permitted to use.

Its special ability is, 『Beheading thousand』

That sword, is a sword that can cut through anything.

Hard or soft things, shaped or shapeless things.

There's nothing that it can't cut, a sword that have a strong edge.

Why TAKAHINA is in possession of that thing, honestly, I didn't understand why.

I don't understand, I really don't understand, but.

If, that thing have the same ability as nee-san's.

Then the probability of me to be able to defeat him, will surely be reduced to decimals.

Lastly.

Our mental power, the difference between our mentality.

I can't kill anyone.

However, he can.

Is perhaps the biggest difference or not, is so ambiguous that I don't understand.

Actually, my hand was shaking.

I can't even stop my hand from trembling because of holding lost fang, a sword that

can't cut anything.

Since that day, the day of Misha's death.

I am, always slicing my enemy with this sword that can't cut anything while my hands trembled.

He, didn't have such hesitation.

He will cut anything that stand in his way.

He will do it as if it was a matter of course, he had something that I will never have.

..... Ah, dammit.

Honestly, I didn't feel like winning.

Unconsciously, I want to sneer at myself.

Hopeless situation, overwhelming disadvantage.

Such words didn't even describe the situation.

In the first place, the gap between our abilities is too huge. Rank 6 is cheating you know.

---- Bring it on.

If this is the punishment for making nee-san's crying.

If this was my own distortion, the mix of beauty and hatred.

I will face it with pleasure.

With my still trembling hand, I strengthen my grip on lost fang.

... It's alright.

My magic sword will cut the 『magic』 itself.

That thing that the incarnation of myself after snatching away my magical power.

there's no reason to not kill it.

Spreading my icy wings, ice crystal scattered.

The same with the wings that Misha's possessed.

that was I hope, that was what it became.

And thus, its name was 『Ice Wings of Misha』

Vigorously flapping my wings, I soared to the sky.

Perhaps, in the sky, there wouldn't be much difference in our speed.

Furthermore, if the sister was there.

Though right now she was in confusion, she can't grasp what was happening, but I still didn't know what will she do later.

If by chance she used 『Purification』 , both of us(takahinas) will get in it and get turned into ash.

That's why, I soared to the sky

Slightly late, but TAKAHINA came to the sky and hovered in front of me.

I point the tip of last fang towards him

---- Accelerating myself to my utmost speed, I dived to his bosom.

brandishing my sword, and cut him from the shoulder.

CRACKED ICE STAINED WITH BLOOD

[This, didn't even become a challenge you know ~] - HIMURO

With his red hand, he gripped and raised the silver angel.

The Fallen Dhampir HIMURO TAKAHINA, made a chuckle.

[26 seconds you know, 26 seconds. I could easily evade all of your 33 attacks, and counter with one of them. Thus, it's over, I am totally dumbfounded alright] - HIMURO

The angle Takahina is unconscious.

In his chest was his sword.

The ice sword lost fang, impaled deeply through his heart.

[I didn't even need to use nee-san's sword. Will you just stay like this, then let all your magic power to be absorbed and die?]

Himuro Takahina, the undead ice angel.

He was not a weak monster.

Manipulating the freezing air, he's able to create wings and swords, with that his choice in battle became wide.

His physical body that was lined with its magical power that's over five thousand, will be able to easily overwhelm any capable adventurers

Takahina is not weak. Not at the very least he was weak.

But, TAKAHINA was stronger, his power was more than that.

A Fallen Dhampir.

Due to him being an angel-typed familiar of a vampire, it changed its form into a super rare race.

Himuro Takahina was a being that will finally yield its own body towards vermounth = Erzalord.

It was the form that he will become after his failure on overcoming the curse.

HIMURO TAKAHINA was such a being.

[You're so weak, ya know, Oi is there any meaning for you to go this far until have that kind of appearance huh?]

TAKAHINA didn't understand it.

For him who is only filled with the feeling of love towards vermounth.

Why did Takahina, running away from her.

Why he kept resisting on becoming a familiar.

For HIM, the feeling of love is already swelled up, to the extent that it shaved off his own mind.

This act of the same person as him, the act of the previous him.

He couldn't understand it.

A body that held amazing power, a heart that was released from all of suffering.

Above all, his self which was able to love vermouth without any feeling of hate towards her.

Was there any reason to reject it?

Where's the reason to not accept all of it?

There's no need for that.

But why.

[This feeling, it's really amazing, ya know ~]

If felt like his heart was dancing.

Throwing away the useless weight that burdened him all at once, his heart felt as light like as a feather.

The thing about Mayu.

About Misha.

About sister.

Returning himself to the living.

The pain of stealing something.

Everything, anything and all things.

Is now, inconsequential, ten billion times more inconsequential than the pebble on the side road.

Rather, the most important of all.

Nee-san.

As long as vermouth is here, it will be alright.

TAKAHINA's line of thought, reached to such a state.

All of his thoughts, connected with vermouth.

That's it.

That's all of it.

Light and easy, anywhere without burden.

This light feeling like there was not even any suffering before.

That's why he didn't even realized it. because of that, he can't understand.

He that already reached freedom, he that was released from all the suffering was now feeling happiness.

The fact that he is now chained, by the shackle that was too big for him, called as vermouth.

flick

Takahina's that was lifted by TAKAHINA was thrown into the air.

HE then flicked HIS hand, taking out the magic sword.

The magic sword of HIS beloved, 『Blood sword Erzalord』 's edge, was pointed at HIS other self.

[Then, let's close the curtain. I'll mince your body, your magical power, and I'm gonna eat all of it]

The sword that was able to cut anything.

Just like Takahina's sword 『Ice sword Lost fang』 , it could even cut magical power without exception.

Looking down at HIS other self which fell slowly, TAKAHINA prepare his sword and laughed.

[Goodbye]

Takahina that has already lost his consciousness.

At that moment, when rain of slashes was about to touch Takahina's body.

A blow of white light, blown away TAKAHINA.

[Guuh!?]

Rank 6.

A monster that's able to wipe out one town if he wanted to, was blown away like a leaf.

He was stopped because of a collision with a tree, which made the tree to fall, someone was looking at the place where he was

A soft coloured blond hair, caught his sight.

[... ..]

Gentle, amethyst like drooping eyes.

Her nicely shaped eyebrow came close together, creating a harsh look on her face.

[..... Yare yare, now that I think of it she was also right there.]

As TAKAHINA was about to stand up.

HE fell to HIS knees immediately.

All the power of HIS body, felt like as it was air being blown away.

[kh 『Purification』 you know, you ain't too much of a cheat]

[Can't you just shut up? It's unpleasant]

An irritated voice.

The sister Ursula = Pendragon, glared at TAKAHINA.

As she turned away, Takahina that fell limp to the ground reflected in her eyes.

[The only one who can kill this one is me, the only one that can hurt this one is me.
Even if the one who does it was this oneself, I cannot forgive such a thing to happen]

She slowly squatted down, then extract the lost fang that was impaled into his chest.

In an instant, the ice sword fell to piece, the magical power that got absorbed returned to his body.

And then.

While still gazing at Takahina, she stretched her pretty hand with its slender fingers, towards Takahina.

On that hand, light gathered

[Wa ---]

[Please disappear, you're noisy]

A dazzling light that blinding one's eyes.

For a moment, it pierced through the surroundings.

??

.....

.....

.....

Slowly opening my lead-like eyelids, I raised my body.

..... My body felt so heavy to the extent that I thought that perhaps my joints were rusted

What happened?

I , certainly, I .

All of my attacks were easily avoided by HIM.

Then , lost fang was snatched away just like that ---

..... kh ! ?

As I thought at that point, I unconsciously stretched my left hand towards my chest.

However, there's nothing there.

The magic sword that certainly stabbed me , was not there.

My memories and the reality were clashing.

For now, I judged that I should gather more information first.

As I was about to stand up, thinking that perhaps I could find some clue.

Realized that just now, there's something that grasping the sleeve of my right hand.

I turned my sight towards it.

Over there was the sister who was supposedly I already shook off the time I flew away.

While she was still unconscious, she grasped the sleeve of my uniform.

..... Is that it, ?Purification ?, heh.

I don't know how things were going, but TAKAHINA was erased by her, right?

While the fallen dhamir was a race that is mixed with the angel race, but mostly it was part undead race.

An existence that maintained its appearance with magical power.

Thus, if the flow of magical power in its body got completely destroyed by purification magic, without minding its power level, it will disappear.

Though, if someone at the level of nee-san , it wouldn't have any effect.

But anyway I got saved by this kid .

Though, possibly from her point of view, she didn't do it because she wanted to save

me.

At least, there's no mistake that I am able to escape from death.

The cause of this sister collapsed right here was perhaps because of mind fatigue by using too much purification.

The case when we, monster , using magic, we use the magical power that already resides inside of our body.

But in the case of a human, on the top of using intermediary like wood and metal, using magic will also scrape their mental power.

Not to mention a 'purification' that was capable to erase a rank 6 monster.

But in the end she only ended up she losing her consciousness, it could even be called pretty amazing.

She has a very strong will, to the extent that I felt dread from it.

The essential thing that was needed for using magic was the mind the mental power.

That's why, there's also cases when someone got drastically improved within a day.

The last time I met her, she was just a sister.

Thus from the affection that she have towards an existence which is me, giving her the strength.

Such thing, is not an impossible thing to happen.

Frighteningly right?

Peeling off the fingers that were grasping my sleeve, I stood up.

And then, I left her alone after she saved me, but if she were to wake up, only trouble will arise.

This kid, even after destroying me, she will make me her's.

But I still didn't have any intentions to break.... yet.

Closing my eyes, I used my life detection.

The heat detection is already useless, since I could only feel the coldness of mine all the time, I wasn't able to grasp the feeling anymore.

The radius of 33 meters. That was the limit of my area of detection.

Inside the radius was the biggest thing, was just a young rabbit.

If it's like this , it would be no problem to leave her alone here.

Just in case, I used the angel's breath on the sister.

It seems that her mental fatigue was not really severe, like this she will wake up after 10 minutes.

That's why, I thought of leaving this place before she wakes up, so released my wing.

But then I had a thought and turned back

.....

Since I felt the coldness all year round, I don't get to feel the seasons, despite this world has 4 seasons.

Also right now is at the end of fall. Inside this dimm fores, was already getting quite cold.

All the more for her who only wore a thin frock(dress).

.... This can't be helped.

I took off my uniform ---- the tattered school uniform, and put it onto the sister's body.

While it was tattered, it is still a winter clothing, so the material is thick, I think it's better than nothing.

- Take it as my gratitude, for now Next time, you will have to give it back to me -

After muttering that, some kind of conviction being formed inside of my mind.

Surely one day, I will meet with this kid again

This kid is like Misha, they're my sins itself.

I can't run away from it after all, there's a part of myself that can't run away from it.

A retribution that I will someday receive.

But right now, I still can't receive it yet.

Now, I still haven't returned my own life.

I still haven't return my warmth.

Above all, I still haven't settled things with Misha My little sister(a.k.a. someone who he recognize as little sister).

The time when I will receive judgement, is when everythng is over.

But until then, even though it's selfish of me, but I wish for her to wait.

Looking up towards the sky through the dense leaves, I spread my ice wings.

flapping 3 times and I flew up.

And just like that, towards the way of the blowing wind.

Leaving myself to the force of the wind, I went with the flow.



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